A Honky's Response to Carmichael *Gus Matzorkis*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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McGovern

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Who's Spiro T. Agnew?

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T.R.B. from Washington

Shall We Pray?

★ Political conventions are where you get prayed over. We made a sociological exploration of Young Americans for Freedom at Miami Beach (Dr. Max Rafferty for breakfast). We not only had a prayer but a Salute to the Flag. Everybody put his right hand over his heart, wheeled smartly to the corner to face the Flag, and repeated the Pledge, emphasizing "under God" to make it sound like a High Church Sacrament.

(This had quite an elevating effect on Dr. Rafferty who was inspired to say that nobody is going to make him ashamed of being an American. That made us all feel better.)

At the GOP convention itself we Trooped the Colors and sang the National Anthem. Then the local Catholic prelate prayed over us and put in a lot of things about the poor that the party had left out of the platform. Nobody paid much attention to the prayer, we thought, but perhaps God heard. At some conventions the prayer of one denomination is followed closely by that of another with the same care that is paid to ethnic groups, but at Miami Beach the authorities mercifully rotated religions by days, a beneficence which makes us feel that things cannot be all wrong with the Grand Old Party.

Yet it is a touching and uplifting sight in these prayers to see all the bald and blue-rinse heads bowed reverently in the great assembly before the politicians take over and begin denouncing crime-in-the-streets. That is the sensitive point of attack for the propertied classes, crime; not battery, but burglary, not bigamy, but poverty. That is the Unforgivable Sin.

There are disadvantages TRB found last week to staying up till 6 in the morning to send a dispatch, with additions by telephone; errors creep into the copy. For example, we said that only "two percent" of the GOP delegates were black but it somehow came out as "ten." That would be a preposterous ratio. Then the phrase unaccountably got into our dispatch that Governor Agnew is a man "who dislikes Negroes." Well, we think this is quite unjust.

Spiro T. Agnew was in fact elected Governor of Maryland in revulsion to a segregationist character whose slogan was "Every man's home is his castle." Negroes and moderates enthusiastically backed Agnew. For 18 months he did pretty well as Governor. Then he soured on Rockefeller whom he first supported. The way of moderation, it appeared, wasn't for him. The April riots in Baltimore after Martin Luther King's murder seemed to provoke a hidden mercurial temperament. He called in 100 Negro moderates and noted (according to the *Baltimore Sun*) that he had omitted from the gathering the militants whom he termed the "caterwauling, riot-inciting, burn-America-down type of leader." Then he tongue-lashed his guests, the moderates, charging them with part responsibility for the riots because they had allegedly failed to assert their moral influence. It was guilt by pigmentation. Seventy walked out.

"Misguided Compassion"

★ There is an impecunious Negro institution in Maryland, Bowie State College. Students put on a strike and 227 of them, mostly black, staged an orderly sit-in at the State House. Agnew arrested them all.

The Kerner Commission report, he said, had abetted further riots; Resurrection City campsite, he said, held "the so-called poor people – with Cadillacs"; he would "pinpoint" the cause of riots in the "permission" climate and "misguided compassion," and he wanted police, he said, to shoot suspected looters who fail to heed orders to halt.

In spite of all this we know that Governor Agnew's heart is in the right place because Mr. Nixon says he "is a statesman of the first rank." And we feel it was not good taste to say the governor dislikes Negroes; we apologize. It's just bothersome people he dislikes, or poor people.

Mr. Justice Thurmond

★ We assume that President Nixon will give Strom Thurmond the first vacancy on the Supreme Court. If that is too abrupt a jump from simple senator we suppose that he will make him attorney general first to bring law and order, and then elevate him to the Court from there. We last saw Senator Thurmond (that is, before Miami Beach) at the Fortas hearing. Senator Thurmond, you remember, was the George Wallace of the 1948 campaign. He was candidate of the State Rights Party; then he came to the GOP, his spiritual home. He is ascetic, iron-willed and humorless. Look into his burning eyes as he denounces black militants and you see a Savonarola.

Senator Thurmond knows he must save our morals, and he came to the Fortas hearing in the final days with a collection of girlie magazines, and a sexy film which he wanted to show. He somehow reasoned that Mr. Justice Fortas was responsible for these things.

Strom Thurmond would put some spine in the flabby Supreme Court and bring it back to its senses. He would carry out Mr. Nixon's goal, as given to Southern delegates in a closed session taped by *The Miami Herald*: Mr. Nixon wanted judges, he said, who are "strict constitutionalists – men that interpret the law and don't try to make the law." (At the same closed session he told the Southerners that open housing should be handled by the states.)

"Clear it with Strom" really should be the epitaph of the great Nixon victory. We cite in support other comments: "His chief Southern lieutenant, archsegregationist J. Strom Thurmond" (*Newsweek*); "Thurmond: The GOP's Kingmaker" (*Washington Post*); "Nixon has desperately needed Thurmond" (The *Ripon Society*); "This was truly Strom Thurmond's convention" (Evans & Novak); "The prominent activity of Sen. Thurmond . . . was a repulsive spectacle" (*NY Times*), and so it goes. Some of these comments may sound derogatory. But why shouldn't Our Dick have the man he likes? Surely they deserve each other.

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CONTENTS

COMMENT 3-7
McGovern; LBJ and the Paris Talks; Hear, Hear; Navy Business

Community Development
– *James Ridgeway* 7

Pope Paul and the Pill
– *Clara Johns* 9

Selling Encyclopedias
– *Eric Geller* 10

Who's Spiro T. Agnew?
– *Gerald W. Johnson* 11

Return of King's Men to Memphis
– *John Osborne* 12

Chicago: Challenge at the Convention
– *Paul Wieck* 14

A Honky's Response to Carmichael
– *Gus Matzorkis* 17

The Past in the Present
– *Stanley Kauffmann* 19

BOOKS – *Reviews by Theodore Solotaroff, Howard Kaye*

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McGovern

What do a handful of the late Robert Kennedy's advisors risk by pushing George McGovern for the Democratic presidential nomination? Nothing. But what do they gain? And why has Senator McGovern played along with them? Others among Robert Kennedy's supporters, for instance Jesse Unruh of California or Governor Harold Hughes of Iowa, opposed McGovern's entry. Perhaps the good Senator from South Dakota was tempted to believe that only he could save the day for the party, or that he might be picked by Mr. Humphrey as his running mate (though he has said he would not accept), or that his candidacy would give greater force to his plea for a doveish platform. His backers have not even these fragile justifications. Their hasty last-minute intervention seems inexplicable on any score but frustration. Sad and shocked, but not inclined by experience or disposition to inaction, finding both McCarthy and Humphrey distasteful (for different reasons), they needed someone *now*, or perhaps they figured that whatever happens in Chicago, McGovern could help them keep the troops together for future battles. Yet the nomination of Edward Kennedy four or eight years hence, will have very little to do with whether Senator McGovern is a candidate for the nomination this year. That will depend more on whether the Democratic Party in 1968 earns the confidence of a discontented public, and especially the younger public, by cutting free from Johnson-Humphrey, and on such imponderables as what the United States is like in four years, what Ted Kennedy has become, and what new leaders have arisen.

Senator McGovern's own explanation is that by collecting delegates around himself, he can help forestall a first ballot nomination of Mr. Humphrey. Thereafter, a stubborn stalemate might be broken by a compromise (himself). Meanwhile, by virtue of his position as the third man, he may push the Vice President into accepting a convention statement on Vietnam that in effect rejects the policies the Vice President has supported. His estimate is not wrong that many supporters of Robert Kennedy have not transferred their loyalty to McCarthy. And McGovern is on sound ground too, if his candidacy does contribute to preventing a first ballot Humphrey victory, opening the way to the nomination of Senator McCarthy or himself. But it remains to be seen whether that will be the effect of his efforts.

There is nothing in George McGovern's being that supports any

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suggestion of deviousness or ambition advanced at the price of conviction. The offering of himself as a candidate, therefore, can be understood only if McGovern had decided that by stepping forward he could best serve policies with which he has been identified. He would have to have concluded that neither of the other two candidates, Mr. Humphrey or Senator McCarthy, adequately represents his sense of what the nation needs; or that regardless of their views, each of the other two would not, because of character or temperament, make a good President. That latter point seems to have crossed his mind. Senator McGovern told "Meet the Press" on August 11 that he not only believes he has "the qualifications that are needed [for the Presidency] both in terms of our problems here at home and also in bringing an end to the war in Vietnam," but that "I think I would be a better President [than they]."

And why would he be a better President? Not because his views on the most urgent public issues vary significantly from those of Eugene McCarthy over the past 20 years. Examining the voting records of McCarthy and McGovern, who served together in the House and the Senate, one finds few differences. The ones that are there are minor; for instance, McGovern voted against and McCarthy for a bill which provided that in the District of Columbia, confessions obtained during the first three hours of aggregate questioning by the police could not be excluded solely on the ground of "unnecessary delay." In the House, both belonged to the lively and liberal band that became the Democratic Study Group (having earlier been known as McCarthy's Marauders or McCarthy's Mavericks). Each has been a professor (McCarthy of economics and education, McGovern of history and government). Each has his roots in rural America, but has had an intelligent concern for the needs of the cities. On Vietnam, their positions have been roughly parallel, although last year Senator McCarthy voted to repeal the Tonkin Bay Resolution, and Senator McGovern voted against repeal. The record of both is progressive on domestic affairs and consistently in favor of stopping the fighting in Vietnam and transferring that struggle from the United States to the Vietnamese themselves.

It is possible, but Senator McGovern is too kind a man to say so publicly even if he thought so, that one of the reasons for his candidacy is a lack of confidence not in McCarthy's policies but in the quality of McCarthy's leadership. But that is the hardest of all to swallow. The reserve, the mildness, even the blandness of Senator McGovern is marked. These are not qualities to be demeaned. Indeed, they set Mr. McGovern apart, as they do Senator McCarthy, and in a flattering way, from the glad-hand, glad-tidings politician of an older, more histrionic school. We are ready to believe that McGovern, with his earnestness, his commitment to humane ends, would make a fine President. But there is no discernible superiority here over McCarthy in resolution, or charisma. Indeed, the evidence of Senator McCarthy's decisiveness has been his willingness, when pundits and politicians thought he was a fool, to challenge his entire party the hard way, challenging as he did an incumbent President who seemed the inevitable candidate for his party's renomination. If McCarthy has shown anything in the past six months, it is that he can lead.

What then is this admirable man from South Dakota up to? Convinced as he is of the imprudence, not to say the wickedness of what we have done in Vietnam, will he use whatever strength he has, at the critical moment in Chicago, to persuade the dispirited remnant of the Kennedy campaign to support the leading alternative to the Johnson Administration candidate? If he does that, he will deserve the country's gratitude. But if he does see McCarthy as worthy of endorsement, and does see clearly and sharply that the blocking of the Vice President is imperative, would he not have done better to have come out for McCarthy earlier? For it is just that kind of support that the McCarthy candidacy needs and has had so little of from his colleagues in the Senate.

As for the greater leverage which McGovern thinks his candidacy gives him on the writing of a proper platform plank on Vietnam, it can only be said that he places far too much importance on language and too little on how accommodating the Vice President will be (LBJ permitting) when words are at issue. Nothing Senator McGovern has said explains why as a candidate rather than as the favorite son from South Dakota, he will have augmented his influence on what the Convention says about Vietnam. More pertinent, platforms, as the Republicans have so lately shown, are written to obscure, not clarify. It is not the platform that determines the kind of foreign policy the United States will have; it is the man whom the winning party nominates for President who will shape that. The paramount judgment which the Democrats must

Bonus Issue

This is the third of the special issues published during the summer in the interest of continuing campaign coverage and comment. Two weeks hence we shall carry reports from Chicago on the Democratic National Convention by Gilbert A. Harrison, Paul Wieck, and others.

THE EDITORS

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make in Chicago is not which words will paper over the widest differences on foreign affairs, but which candidate can be trusted to see us safely through the years ahead. How much did pre-election pledges of 1964 mean? The then candidate for Vice President, Mr. Humphrey, discerned what the people feared in Barry Goldwater; he said that for the first time, *his* party was not going to be characterized as a war party. He recalled the example of Eisenhower who did not talk about going to Korea to step up the war, but to end it. And having won (and earned) the confidence of the voters, the new Administration turned its back on peace, pushing us deeper and deeper into the most inconclusive and demoralizing war in our history. Senator McGovern, who is not new to politics, cannot have very much faith that in writing the platform, the delegates are writing the future. And it is hard to believe, too, that his candidacy will "serve to broaden the coalition of those calling for a change in our Vietnam policy." The coalition is *there*, and is broad enough. What it needs is to nominate *its* candidate. There will be and should be a debate over platform, but the essential value of that debate is to expose who stands for what.

But apart from that exposure, there are past records to be considered. None of the delegates and none of the candidates were born yesterday. Hubert Humphrey has a past, and to ignore it is to lose sight of what may be expected of him in the future. It would be disgusting, were men like Senator McGovern and the delegates who essentially agree with his (and McCarthy's) views on Vietnam, to be satisfied by soft words meant to soothe the doves, spoken by a Vice President who has insisted that America has been doing the right thing in Southeast Asia.

To repeat, the prime task of the Democratic Convention is to choose the candidate who believes we have been *wrong*, who has said so, and who thereby merits the trust of not only the bulk of Democratic voters, but numerous non-Democratic voters as well. If that is George McGovern's mission, God bless him. If he stands firmly against the nomination of Hubert Humphrey, whatever the ballot, fine. But if he caves in, goes along because he has won a word here or a word there, or has been persuaded that "the best interests of the party" require Humphrey's nomination, he will have done the country serious harm. He will then have lent himself, and he is too fine a man to do it, to a dangerous and cynical game. He has said that "the American people have indicated in one poll after another that they want a change in the course we are now following." Correct. But they want not simply a change in platforms. They want a change of leadership. They know what they have had and they don't want more of the same.

LBJ and the Paris Talks

A full stop to bombing North Vietnam, in place of the present limited bombing of that country below the 19th parallel, may be a key ploy in the election. Only President Johnson, who is not a candidate, can halt the bombing; a bombing halt would probably help the Democrats against Nixon. Aware of this, Nixon on August 10 tried to cover himself by declaring, on leaving the LBJ ranch after being briefed by Mr. Johnson: "The President indicated now, as he has previously . . . that he would be willing to stop the bombing provided there was a quid pro quo on the other side. . . . I think a unilateral action, simply as an expression of good faith, would be highly irresponsible and very detrimental to our efforts in Vietnam." Humphrey came away from his ranch briefing, which immediately preceded Nixon's, saying: "We are now at a point where, if we do not weaken our position with Hanoi by loose talk, we have a better chance of gaining progress in the peace talks than at any time up to date." But then Humphrey's penny dropped; presumably someone pointed out that being just an echo in the Pedernales valley was no way to fight Nixon, and that Humphrey also has to try to undercut the Democratic peace candidates somehow. Two days after leaving the LBJ ranch, Humphrey was busily explaining that *he* isn't demanding a quid pro quo for a full stop to bombing, but merely "restraint and reasonable response" by Hanoi. However, the Administration doesn't think Hanoi is restraining itself, in spite of the lull in the fighting that has now endured two months. On July 31, Mr. Johnson called attention to an alleged fivefold increase in the rate of North Vietnamese infiltration into the South, up to a staggering 30,000 a month, and asserted: "We have every reason to believe the enemy is preparing a massive attack against our forces." From Paris, Ambassador Harriman declared that Hanoi's actions "have given the President no basis to take the additional risk that a complete bombing cessation would entail." Calloused observers of this political season's semantics concluded Humphrey's latest remark was aimed mostly at fighting off the threat of a Democratic platform plank outlining specific steps to end the war, including immediate cessation of bombing. While Nixon seeks to cover himself against a possible (but actually not very likely) Johnson-Humphrey peace move, Humphrey tries to outmaneuver Nixon and at the same time checkmate McCarthy and McGovern and their supporters and sympathizers at the Democratic National Convention.

This may be comprehensible in terms of domestic political infighting; it doesn't seem any way to end a war. The case for an immediate full stop to the bombing has long been evident. It is made watertight by the

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alleged quintupling of the rate of infiltration to which President Johnson referred at his July 31 press conference. If the concentration of American bombing in the "panhandle" of North Vietnam, where the trails are, has resulted in infiltration going up from 6,000 to 30,000 a month, then obviously the bombing is even more ineffectual than the most ardent advocates of cessation had supposed. Ending the bombing ought not to be made into a sordid gambit of election campaigning, nor overvalued as a magic wand to bring peace. At best, it might enable really serious discussion of how to end the war to begin. It won't buy more than that, because it isn't worth more than that militarily to Hanoi. But if "restraint" by the enemy is really all that Mr. Humphrey asks in return, he should advise the President to quit bombing now, for (in spite of the allegedly huge infiltration) our adversaries have not been seeking battle in recent weeks, and there have been no rocket attacks on Saigon since June.

But is the Vice President prepared not only for a bombing stop but for turning the problem of Vietnam back to the Vietnamese? That is what the fight over the Democrats' Vietnam plank is about. McCarthy and McGovern are demanding a bombing stop, but also negotiations with the Viet Cong by the South Vietnamese government, and new South Vietnamese elections open to the National Liberation Front. This is the test of peace intentions. Nine months ago, McCarthy entered the presidential race in part because of "the absence of any positive indications or suggestions for a compromise or negotiated political settlement." They are still absent. In April, McCarthy offered an eight-point program for ending the war; not one point has been attempted. He wrote: "No plan, no proposal, no scenario has any meaning without the will to make peace. It is that will that is lacking." It still seems to be. The Paris talks will go nowhere until the useless bombing stops, but if and when the Administration does that, it will still remain to be seen if it is willing to take the necessary next steps.

There has been speculation that President Johnson may offer a bombing halt as part of a Moscow-Washington package deal; Eisenhower never did get to the Soviet capital in the last days of his Presidency; if Mr. Johnson did it would be quite a trick and a big boost for the Democrats; the Russians don't want Nixon in the White House. This is interesting and ingenious but ending the war, which also calls for ingenuity, is more to the point.

"Keep firing! I promise you won't mess up the Paris talks."

Hear, Hear

For several years the National Bureau of Standards has been making exhaustive comparative tests of hearing aids for the Veterans Administration to determine which aids are most effective. Consumers Union, Inc., which tests and publicly rates consumer products, would like to make the VA findings public.

Consumers Union made its initial request to the VA in August 1967, and has spent a year playing bureaucratic ping-pong; exchanging letters, memoranda and telephone calls, and holding conferences. At one point CU got a negative from, logically enough, the VA's Chief of the Paperwork Management Division. The final decision refusing disclosure of the data was made in a short, rather peremptory statement by William Driver, Administrator of Veteran Affairs. Because he failed to give reasons for the denial, and as the VA has been vague and evasive throughout, CU has filed suit under the Freedom of Information Act.

At various times, the VA *has* cited two basic reasons for not disclosing the information. An exemption under the Freedom of Information Act says an agency may not divulge "trade secrets and commercial or financial information obtained from a person and privileged or confidential." Second, the VA says there are contractual restrictions; that it fears legal action.

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The manufacturers simply supplied the VA with hearing-aid models for testing, no more than would be available to any consumer on the open market. This is hardly secret or confidential information, but John Manning of the VA's General Counsel says there are "other things" under the exemption. The Act itself makes no mention of "other things," and Manning feels it "wouldn't be appropriate at this time to say what they are."

The VA's second objection is equally unwarranted. Until passage of the Freedom of Information Act, the contracts had stated that the test information was primarily for VA use only, and that the data could be released to other government agencies identified by the manufacturer. This year, however, a new provision was added to the contracts, stating: "Under existing law concerning the release of information by government agencies, the VA may be required to furnish such information to any other governmental agency for its official use, or to any other person considered by the VA to be entitled thereto, without the consent of the manufacturer."

Clearly, the decision about disclosure has been left to the discretion of the VA. By denying CU this information, and refusing to be explicit in its reasons for doing so, the VA appears to have decided that only deaf veterans shall benefit from VA's extensive testing. In hearings held before the Senate Special Committee on Aging, Senator Clifford Hansen told Consumers Union: "I think you have made a good case . . . that the results of the VA testing of hearing aids ought to be made public." He went on to add, however, that . . . "despite the fact that a consumer may be taken time and time again by a fast talking salesman who makes his pitch most persuasively, sells, and then gets out and isn't seen again, I think there is something to be said for a system which permits anyone who believes he can make a product to get into the business and to try to compete against those who are in there." Consumer legislation such as the Freedom of Information Act was passed to protect the public from low-quality products and fast-buck artists. The government thinks differently.

Navy Business

Alsco Inc. of St. Louis manufactures rocket launchers for air-to-ground missiles used in Vietnam. The Justice Department has charged the firm's chief executive officer and principal stockholder, Andrew L. Stone, with producing *derrière-garde* international drama on the side. Stone and his codefendants are accused of having subcontracted from 1962 to 1967 several million dollars of prime contracts in excess of $47 million to two dummy corporations – Bregman Electronics of New York and Scientific Electronics Ltd. of Beverly Hills. Stone had these companies, according to the indictment, subcontract other items to dummy firms in Switzerland and Lichtenstein. The government has named as co-conspirators two Swiss bankers who are said to have deposited some $4 million in personal accounts for Stone and his friends.

Although the investigation has continued over nine months, and the Navy suspended Alsco from its contract list last year, the firm has since negotiated another $45 million in contracts for rocket launchers, including a $13.9 million contract two weeks before the indictment. The Navy has explained that Alsco is the "sole source" for the particular variety of rocket launcher. Under the procurement pressures of the Vietnam war, the Navy finds it prohibitively expensive in time and money to underwrite the development of production facilities for a second supplier. It is "locked in" to Alsco.

As a sole source, Alsco, like other military aerospace corporations, has monopoly control of a product the government wants. The power and profitability of monopolies in the private market are well-known. In the "public market" there is evidence to suggest that monopoly – the advantages of which are increased under pressures of wartime procurement – is just as lucrative.

Community Development

About a third of the Senate and a sizable bloc in the House are supporting legislation that proposes to take yet another tack towards ending poverty. The new scheme is called the Community Self-Determination Act, and it would establish a special banking system for financing business and social service enterprises in depressed sections of the country. While the outlines of this complex bill were drawn up under the auspices of CORE, which is interested in starting business in the black ghetto, the measure would apply equally to poor whites living in the Appalachian hills or the Mexican-American communities in the Southwest. The sponsors are both liberal and conservative, including important figures in the campaigns of the major presidential candidates. (In the Senate they include John Tower, who is close to Nixon; and Fred Harris and Walter Mondale who are running Humphrey's operation. George McGovern is for the scheme, and while Eugene McCarthy is not a sponsor, the proposals coming from his camp run pretty much along the same lines.) The Republican Convention wrote the idea into its platform, and the Democrats are expected to do likewise. Thus, no matter who wins,

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the approach outlined in the legislation is likely to be fairly important next year.

A new complex of banks would be set up to finance the activities of community development corporations. The banks would be owned by these community development corporations and strung together in a network under the general supervision of a national board, in part appointed by the President, and in part elected by the member institutions. Under the proposed law the government would guarantee bank loans, which would permit them to sell income bonds to the public.

The proceeds from these sales might then be loaned by the banks to business subsidiaries of community development corporations or to companies controlled by stockholders of development corporations. In effect, the development corporation would resemble a sort of communal holding company, controlling the stock of the bank which floated the loan, running profit-making subsidiaries, as well as financing various nonprofit community services through special funds.

Any group of citizens in a depressed neighborhood might establish a community development corporation. They would apply for a charter to the national board; the board then would provide them with technical and legal assistance along with a small grant to get going. A resident of the community might become a corporation stockholder by buying stock which would be priced at $5 a share. "Sweat equity" could be accepted in lieu of cash for stock. No matter how many shares owned, each stockholder would have but one vote. Under ordinary circumstances, the stockholders would meet twice a year to elect directors. They in turn would appoint executive officers to operate the corporation.

Once set up, the community development corporation could undertake a variety of ventures. It could, for instance, operate a printing company or a supermarket as a subsidiary. Theoretically, a local business would thus be controlled by members of the community where it was situated, as well as providing more employment for them. The corporation might also run such nonprofit enterprises as a health clinic or a school.

The legislation would encourage large corporations to help out, enticing them into "turnkey" agreements with the different development corporations. This would be accomplished much in the same way that US companies now do business in Eastern Europe and India. For instance, a large electronics company might be brought into a slum to construct a factory where employees could assemble components. The company might borrow the money to build the plant from the community development bank at a favorable rate, then manage the operation and train the residents to run it for a couple of years. Then it would sell the operation outright to the community development corporation.

The Community Self-Determination Act recommends itself to politicians of different colorations, for there is a little something for just about everyone in it. For conservatives, here is a chance to trumpet the virtues of free enterprise and still do something new at very little cost to the government. It could be a way to get some black votes away from the Democrats as well. For liberals, in a conservative era, it is a way to spread socialism in the guise of corporate responsibility. And it appears as a boost for the blacks since the scheme came out of CORE and does not seem like just another act of paternalism offered by a benign colonialism. (As a matter of fact, the legislation was largely designed by Gar Alperovitz, who once worked for Senator Gaylord Nelson, and John McClaughry, who drafted Senator Percy's housing scheme.)

The plan for development corporations is based on a general consensus among liberals and conservatives which has as its basic tenet that the public welfare can best be advanced by the private or semi-private corporation.

While the sponsors of this legislation doubtless believe it offers a practical new approach for equipping poor communities with a tool for bettering themselves, in some rather subtle aspects the bill is also a relief measure for large corporations interested in expanding their operations into the ghetto. For instance, one way to help a small businessman starting up in a slum would be to give him tax exemption for a period of time. Instead, this legislation provides struggling new enterprises with partial tax breaks. Only in the most desperately depressed areas would it give new community-run businesses a tax haven. On the other hand, it lavishes all sorts of tax breaks on the large profitable corporation which comes along to help out. A corporation which enters into one of the turnkey agreements can not only build the facility with a cheap loan from the community development bank, it can amortize the facility involved in as little as 36 months. In addition, the company becomes eligible for a sustained profitability tax credit equal to 15 percent of the profits generated from operation of the turnkey facility for five years after the sale to the community development corporation.

There is thus a real possibility that indigenous business in the slums would end by being captured by the large corporations and turned into subcontractors, which provide relatively few, unstable jobs in low-wage industries. It is not just by chance that one of the commonest contracts discussed by the black capitalists is making cable, a dull, poor-paying subcontract job.

James Ridgeway

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Pope Paul and the Pill

Pope Paul's recent encyclical prohibiting the use of artificial contraceptive measures, i.e., the pill, would appear to be so late in coming that it will not be able to turn the clock back. In the United States, certainly, there are relatively few Catholic women who have used the pill who will give it up now. First, it has proved effective; second, it has brought tremendous relief from the continuous worry over an unwanted pregnancy. Third, they have not suffered obvious physical or moral disability.

Many of the Catholic clergy, as well as the laity, have spoken out sharply against Pope Paul's ruling. For each who has done so, there must be dozens who agree, but have not openly expressed their dismay. Many years before the last Ecumenical Council met, many middle-class and wealthy Catholic women were already using the pill. Official Church approval (or, as during the past three years, lack of specific disapproval) has extended this use to poorer families.

For more years than official clerical circles care to admit, some parish priests have been recommending, as well as sanctioning, use of the pill by the poor. It was not uncommon, in a public prenatal clinic where I worked some five years ago, to have Catholic women referred for the pill by priests in the surrounding areas – not all of them, but not by just a single priest either. This experience is confirmed by other physicians working in similar settings. However, most requests came from women with large families who had friends using and recommending the pill.

In our clinic, we had an excellent Catholic nurse to explain the rhythm to anyone who was interested, and it was always suggested to anyone requesting contraceptive help. To my best recollection, no one was interested. All insisted on something more reliable. This nurse always left the room when artificial contraception was being discussed. When she thought there was some doubt about the subject's coming up in cases she considered urgent, she would always ask if she should leave so I could talk to the patient alone. Other Catholic nurses with whom I have worked have displayed no such compunctions. Some will raise the question repeatedly, quite oblivious to any presumed mortal peril to their own soul—or the patient's.

Fears have been expressed that the pontifical statement might be a deterring factor in US aid programs to nations faced with high birth rates. Most, if not all the countries with current population control programs, are not predominantly Catholic. Congress has already cut non-military foreign aid programs so much that it is questionable the Pope's statement can have further deleterious effects.

In South America, where population control is most urgent, an apparent "modus vivendi" was reached some time ago between the church and various official health agencies. Reports indicate that public health programs do offer artificial contraceptive assistance in many instances, but no "educational campaign" is conducted. The clergy has not attacked such programs; in fact, of course, the programs can be conveniently overlooked when there is no official publicity about them. In practice, however, the clergy is reported to be a frequent source of referral to such public clinics. Historically, it was in Puerto Rico, overwhelmingly Catholic, where much of the impetus for early public programs appeared. Much of the widespread testing of contraceptive methods has likewise been done there.

In the US it has already been announced officially that Pope Paul's statement will not affect domestic programs. A significant congressional reaction seems unlikely. The timing of the announcement tends to blunt its impact, with Congress and the country enmeshed in convention maneuvering.

Congress eliminated aid to future illegitimate dependent children. But it's hard (but not impossible) to imagine significant opposition to public contraceptive programs as well. Throughout history, the dispensers of public assistance, and wealthy benefactors too, have always shown marked restraint in supporting the poor. Such an inexpensive measure as the dissemination of contraceptives must, therefore, command considerable respect among these influential groups. "An ounce of prevention. . . ."

With increasing use of the pill, some undesirable side effects have become apparent. Recent Food and Drug Administration rulings require drug manufacturers to include warning statements regarding untoward side effects. Meantime, drugs are being developed which offer contraceptive action for six-month periods, or longer, following a single injection. Continued research and increasing use of the intra-uterine contraceptive device (IUD) both here and abroad can be foreseen, but its acceptability here has not approached that of the pill. The original insertion is done by a physician, and it, too, has some undesirable side effects. For Catholics, of course, the IUD is just as unacceptable as the pill.

Millions of women, now confirmed users of the pill, are willing to run the risks (physically and spiritually), such as they are, rather than face repeated unwanted pregnancies. Compared to the dangers of an abortion, or the innumerable problems faced by an ever-expanding family, these women will not give up the pill for anything except a better pill, a long-lasting injection, an IUD, a vaccine, or some other reliable artificial method of birth control.

Clara Johns, M.D.

Dr. Johns *has worked in public health clinics.*

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Selling Encyclopedias

Senator Warren Magnuson's consumer sales protection bill is designed to curb questionable tactics by the encyclopedia industry, dominated by four giants, Britannica, P. F. Collier's, Field Enterprises (World Book), and Grolier's (Americana). They account for 95 percent of all subscription sales in this country, and for nearly $450 million in sales a year. The companies mostly rely on well-disciplined teams of salesmen, operating so smoothly they make the Flim-Flam Man look like an amateur.

The FTC has repeatedly issued cease-and-desist orders against some companies' practices that nevertheless continue. Thus in February the FTC ordered American Marketing Associates Inc. (New Standard Encyclopedia) of Philadelphia to cease using deceptive means to recruit personnel. The company advertised that its "trainees" receive $89 a week, whereas "in reality, they are hired as door-to-door salesmen and receive no salary whatever but only a commission on sales." Encyclopedia Britannica is still "guaranteeing" prospective salesmen $500 per month; Collier's also is advertising lucrative rewards. However, one salesman recently reported in *Seattle* magazine that his total earnings in his first month were $64.

The salesmen have to memorize patter carefully devised to wear down most prospects within 30 minutes. Every statement, gesture, smile is carefully prescribed and designed to make the family feel inferior (Collier's instructs its salesmen to sit on a chair higher than the prospective buyer's), and also to play on young suburbanites' desire for status and recognition. "Like I said before, I'm not a salesman. My job is merely interviewing young families in different areas, and placing a few of these encyclopedias in homes where they would be appreciated. . . . If a family we talk to honestly doesn't realize the importance of a major work of this type, then I'm sorry. I'm not a salesman, and I'm not trying to educate such a family. My job is merely to place these encyclopedias with people like yourselves who truly appreciate and respect education as it is in this fast-moving world of today."

(Although they are instructed not to seek out Negroes and Puerto Ricans – bad credit risks – one imaginative salesman recently sold a Puerto Rican couple a $400 encyclopedia set, by posing as a New York school official and threatening their children with expulsion from school if they did not buy. The couple could not read English.)

Like deceptive methods of recruiting personnel, the tactic of "selected families" has been ruled illegal by the FTC. As far back as 1949, the commission issued an order against Americana Encyclopedia (now published by Grolier's) to stop representing "that the publication is available only to selected individuals under special conditions when such is not the fact."

The Collier's salesman, after ingratiating himself with the family, offers to "place" the encyclopedia "free," in return only for a testimonial letter. But to receive the encyclopedia, the family must agree to purchase the company's yearbook and the use of its research service for the next 10 years. Total cost: over $400, payable within 24 months. This practice was ruled illegal by the FTC eight years ago; the commission charged that the publishers of Collier's Encyclopedia employed "lengthy and blatant use of deception to sell it. . . . Collier's misrepresented, among other things, that a set of Collier's Encyclopedia was to be given free if the yearly supplements are purchased, or in return for written comments and the right to use the writer's name." In 1961 Encyclopedia Britannica was the subject of an FTC cease-and-desist order involving unfair selling practices. And in 1965, Grolier's entered into a consent agreement in the Federal District Court of Maryland under which it agreed to pay a $100,000 civil penalty for violation of just such an FTC order. (Five years earlier it had been assessed a $16,000 penalty for a similar violation.)

The Magnuson bill, which the publishers oppose, would permit a buyer to abrogate any door-to-door sale involving more than $60, if he sends a certified letter to the seller within two business days after signing the contract. The bill would require that the companies conspicuously inform the buyer of his right on his contract. Also, the seller would have to present the buyer with a receipt stating the salesman's address and all details of the transaction.

Yet the bill does not adequately protect the low-income buyer, for whom the $60 exemption might be a week's earnings, and who might be unfamiliar with certified mail. It is entirely conceivable some companies would price many of their items at $59.95, and thus escape the bill's impact. The bill has fewer teeth in it than similar laws already enacted in England and Australia. In those two countries, before the new laws were passed, encyclopedia companies "were making money like it was going out of style." The publishers claim it is almost impossible for them to curb their salesmen. Yet Field Enterprises, the largest seller of encyclopedias, exercises firm control over its salesmen, and has never been cited in an FTC order.

Frederick Sherwood of Brittannica told *Sales Management* magazine that "if the law is passed, marriage contracts would soon mean nothing, and the voters could go back to the polls and vote again." The publishers don't want the government interfering with them. With $45 billion being spent on education every year, a lot of encyclopedias are going to be sold.

ERIC GELLER

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Who's Spiro T. Agnew?

Baltimore, Md.

A fairly large segment of Maryland opinion regarding recent events is represented by a seven-word letter to the editor of the Baltimore *Sun*. It read, "Agnew for Vice President – are you kidding?"

Yet for the office to which he has been nominated Spiro T. Agnew would seem to be well qualified. The function of a Vice President is to be inert and innocuous. Recent efforts to make him a participant in administration have been none too happy in their effects, as Mr. Nixon and Mr. Humphrey can testify from experience. But if the requirement is to be silent and therefore harmless, Mr. Agnew has few equals and no superior.

If he was an unexpected nominee for Vice President, he was an equally unexpected Governor of Maryland. For a generation the Republican nomination for Governor of Maryland has been the political equivalent of an academic honorary degree, a distinction with no practical significance. The exception was when Theodore R. McKeldin was running, and McKeldin habitually ran in his shirt-sleeves – without coattails on which lesser Republicans could ride into lesser offices. So the nomination of Agnew was generally regarded as a non-event.

It would have remained so, except for the intervention in the Democratic primary of George P. Mahoney, perennial candidate of the more emotional Democrats. Reapportionment forced by the Supreme Court had shaken the grip of the Tawes organization on the State House, and Senator Joseph Tydings' array of younger voters had lined up behind a candidate from the Washington suburbs against Tawes' Old Guardsman. In this situation Mahoney's appeal to the white backlash was plainly making headway, so at the last moment the influential Baltimore *Sun*, convinced that the only way to beat Mahoney was to nominate Tawes' man, knifed Tydings' candidate. It turned out to be the only way to nominate Mahoney, for the Old Guardsman came in third, and Tydings' man was only second. Marylanders were thus faced with a choice between Mahoney and Agnew. They took Agnew, not because they knew much about him, but because they knew too much about Mahoney.

Much has been made of Agnew's Greek extraction, but by temperament Agnew isn't Hellenic, he is suburban, indeed the fine flower of suburbia. Baltimore City is what the English would call a County Corporate, a subdivision of the state almost surrounded by, but not within the jurisdiction of Baltimore County. The county has half a million people, a third of them steel and other industrial workers, largely Democratic, the other two-thirds affluent and Republican.

Agnew's administrative experience was gained as chief executive of the county, in which his record was conservative, especially as regards civil rights and housing, but reasonably good and free of financial scandal as regards his office.

It is his record as Governor that accounts for the fervent prayers for the continued good health of Mr. Nixon if they are both elected. It is not a vicious record. It is simply that of a man who took office without first investigating the current problems of the state other than its fiscal problem. His handling of race relations has been especially inept, but plainly out of ignorance of the existing situation. When students at Bowie, a state college predominantly Negro, marched to Annapolis – having failed to induce the Governor to visit Bowie – to present a bill of complaints touching food, housing, and sanitation, he refused to see them and sent state police to evict them. After the Palm Sunday riots he infuriated moderate Negro leaders by castigating them for not suppressing disorders that took 11,000 armed men to put down. Later he made a speech that was interpreted as incitement to the police to shoot looters on sight, without trying to bring them in for trial.

In each of these cases the explanation is that he misunderstood the situation. A President of the United States who consistently misunderstands the situation would be an affliction too dreadful to contemplate. Therefore, to put it within the power of some new Oswald to make Agnew President is a proposal that may delight some super-patriotic denizens of the Free State, but that gives thoughtful Marylanders a case of what was formerly known as the fantods.

Yet a better Vice President for full four years could hardly be desired. While he is less than handsome, Governor Agnew is highly presentable, well-mannered, well-groomed, correct in deportment, altogether a splendidly designed figurehead. As long as the call is to be inert and innocuous, he can not only do it, but do it with style, with an air. Gerald W. Johnson

COMING: *from Europe, Stanley Hoffmann reports on the French psychodrama*

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King's Men Return To Memphis

"What Shall Become Of His Dreams?"

by John Osborne

Memphis

William Faulkner located Mulberry Street so precisely and described its major industry so vividly in one of his early novels that lustful visitors from the rural mid-South memorized the passage and used it as their guide to the rows of dingy houses where three-dollar whores did business until the military authorities forced the city to clean up the neighborhood during World War II.

Before virtue was imposed, white customers had access to white girls and black girls – in different houses, of course. Black men were restricted to black girls. Police who patrolled the area and protected the madames for a percentage had great sport with Negroes who were so foolish and so lost to Southern decorum as to seek appointments with white prostitutes. The girls were encouraged to accept payment in advance and tip off the police, who awaited the hapless blacks and proceeded, either in a back alley or at the central police station uptown, to beat them as near to death as might be without actually producing a corpse.

Now the whores, or anyhow the open whorehouses and their visitors, are gone from Mulberry Street. Visitors of another sort, nearly all of them black, go there now. Walter Bailey, the black owner of the Lorraine Motel, estimates that at least five thousand men, women and children have climbed the steps to the motel's gallery and walked to the corner outside of Room 306 since the evening of April 4. They stand there, on the spot where Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. last stood, and gaze across Mulberry Street and a vacant waste of weeds and trash toward the flophouse window from which the shot that killed him was fired. If they enter room 306, they are expected to sign a lined ledger, its pages dirtied with much turning, and pay one dollar toward the cost of embellishing the room – how small and close it is in the summer heat! – as a suitable memorial. They may read without charge a quotation from Genesis, lettered on a placard on the outer wall: "Behold, here cometh the dreamer . . . let us slay him . . . and we shall see what shall become of his dreams."

This week the Reverend Ralph David Abernathy, Dr. King's successor at the head of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, returned to Memphis for the SCLC's eleventh annual convention and was installed in a $50 per day suite at the Claridge, a white-owned and more commodious hotel many blocks north of the Mulberry slum. For this he was not to be reproached. Dr. King had lodged at the sparse Lorraine, the best hotel owned by a Negro in Memphis, only after the local press had taken embarrassing note of his and his assistant's quarters at an expensive mid-town hostelry. The Memphis police, extremely nervous in any case over the holding of the convention here so soon after Dr. King's murder and the riotous turmoil that followed it, would have objected strenuously if Mr. Abernathy had elected to stage a symbolic and, for the purposes of running a national assembly, impractical return to the Lorraine. Mr. Abernathy and his senior associates were reluctant to go there at all or to burden the convention with its dreadful memories. A few delegates and junior staff members put up there, and some of them urged Mr. Abernathy to pay at least a brief memorial visit. But the formal memorial service for Dr. King was scheduled at a church in a more sedate section of black Memphis, and Mr. Abernathy's crisp and efficient executive assistant, the Reverend Andrew Young, said with marked emphasis that no convention events of any importance would occur on Mulberry Street. "Personally," he said, "I don't want to bother with it."

There was no lack of homage to Dr. King. His widow, Mrs. Coretta King, delivered one of the featured speeches and accepted for him the SCLC's annual Rosa Parks award, named for the old black woman who refused to move to the back of the bus and so launched the historic Montgomery, Alabama boycott and Dr. King's rise in the 1950s from an obscure pastorate to world fame. But Dr. King is dead, and a purpose of Ralph Abernathy and loyal members of the SCLC staff is to establish Abernathy not only as the chosen heir, but as a worthy heir who has his own dreams (as he has said) and proposes to realize them. At the Memphis airport, when he arrived from the home base in Atlanta with Andy Young and a few other staffers, 300 or more young Memphis Negroes greeted him with a song that went as follows:

"We have a leader of the SCLC,
His name is Aber – N – A – thy:
We must delight him, we must obey him,
For we have a leader, and his name."

When Mr. Abernathy, looking short and heavy and a trifle sweaty under the camera lights, told the crowd

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that he was going to be at the Democratic Convention in Chicago with the SCLC's mule train and insistent demands that the Democrats do better by the organization and its call for massive assistance to the nation's poor than Richard Nixon and the Republicans had done in Miami Beach, an ecstatic black girl exclaimed to another girl beside her, "Yes, sir and I'm gonna be there with him." She and many other young ladies in the crowd wore silken banners variously inscribed "stationary hostess" and "rotating hostess," presumably in reference to their duties at the SCLC's sessions. At his first press conference, Mr. Abernathy announced that the principal aim of this convention, apart from its reminder to Memphis and the nation that this is the city where Martin Luther King was murdered, was to affirm the SCLC's advance, in a big way, into "the political arena." In the coming months, he said, "This is where we plan to move," indicating as he had in Miami Beach that he and his followers plan to move against Richard Nixon and in support of any of the currently visible Democratic candidates for the Presidency.

How much in the way of political weight and organization does Mr. Abernathy have to move into the new arena? He has his own not inconsiderable appeal, very different in its leaden style from Dr. King's soaring eloquence but a substantial factor for all of that. He has the SCLC's national staff, a mixed bag of fiery rousers (Hosea Williams, the Reverend James Bevel) and cool managers (Andy Young), known equally for their zeal and for the net chaos which made the recent Poor People's March on Washington and its Resurrection City a saddening shambles. The organization has no fixed and measurable membership: the 287 "affiliates" it currently claims may consist of a single church or several churches, one of several activist ministers also associated with such other organizations as the NAACP, or (as in Alabama and South Carolina) local groups devoted to voter registration and guidance. Daily estimates of attendance at this convention dwindled from 2,000 to 1,000, when Andrew Young was asked for "a serious figure," to "perhaps 500." But measures of this kind do not really apply to the SCLC. Its power is a power to goad and embarrass the Establishment, whether it be represented by the city government of Memphis in the black garbage collectors' strike which brought Dr. King here and to his death, or the Republican and Democratic Parties at their conventions, or the Johnson Administration in Washington. Without too much facetiousness, it may be said that the SCLC in its operative essence consists of Ralph Abernathy, his staff, an occasional string of hired and discernibly unhappy mules, and the television cameramen who seldom resist a summons to the spectacles thus provided. And in rural Alabama and in Chicago and Cleveland and Washington and now again here in Memphis, the black people hear and see in Ralph Abernathy and his entourage an expression of their frustrations and their hopes. More often than not in the past, they have had to look to other men and organizations to fulfill the promise offered and the hopes raised by the SCLC. But not always: it is generally acknowledged that this city's black populace and the leadership, united for once behind their black garbage-men, would not have brought white business and its government to their knees without the intervention, fatal to him, of Mr. King last March and April.

Ralph Abernathy said upon his arrival that he had had his doubts about having this year's convention here. Because of the drain in energy and money of the Poor People's March, he and his staff decided only on July 20 that it was feasible to have a 1968 convention anywhere. His doubts could not have equalled those of white Memphis and, for that matter, of a good many black Memphians. Racially and otherwise, this city has changed immensely in the years since Faulkner's visiting Mississippi whites and the local police took their sport on Mulberry and adjacent streets. The integration of schools, hotel accommodations, stores and factories had proceeded so quietly, on the whole, that white Memphis by early 1968 thought it had it made. Black Memphis knew better, but did not seem disposed to speed the process in any drastic way. Here, as in several other Southern cities, the assumption that the region was, after all, home to blacks and whites alike and therefore less likely than other regions to suffer the extreme pangs of Detroit or Newark or Watts seemed to be borne out.

Then came the successful garbage strike for union recognition and higher wages, the display of black power that brought it off, and the murder of Dr. King. The result was a profound civic trauma – a state of shock from which white Memphians thought they were emerging, though they really were not, when Mr. Abernathy and his staff decided to come back with the SCLC. What the whites call "trouble," minimized though it was by the Memphis newspapers, was already manifest and in the making. A growing group of black militants styled themselves "The Invaders" and brought down upon themselves the full, though as yet quietly exercised might of the Memphis police. Four of them, who also happened to be employees of the federally financed youth project, were arrested at the home of the leading Invader and charged with possessing marijuana. The policy interpret state and local laws to mean that they can order any street crowd to disperse if the locale or attitude or presence of suspect individuals in it suggests brewing mischief to patrolling

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officers, and that they can arrest anybody who resists the order. An Invader was picked up on such a charge not long ago, enraging his followers, and on the Sunday before the SCLC's convention opened, a police car in a black neighborhood was stoned when the patrolmen ordered a night crowd to break up. This week the aggressive Memphis chapter of the NAACP won the first of a series of intended boycotts aimed at compelling stores, banks, and other white-owned businesses in black neighborhoods to hire or begin to train Negroes for the top jobs. The Reverend Andrew Kyle, a black pastor and one of SCLC's personal "affiliants," found Memphis to be so "up tight" that he broadcast over a radio station his assurance and the national organization's promise that no street demonstrations or other possibly provocative episodes would be staged by the conventioneers. But he could not speak for the Invaders, or for white provocateurs of the sort rumored in the black community to be converging upon Memphis.

White Memphis took comfort from its illusion that a recently appointed Director of Fire and Police, a soft-spoken FBI veteran named Frank Holloman, had the trust of black Memphis and therefore had the situation well in hand. Talking to Mr. Holloman about his and Memphis' racial problems is a numbing experience. He speaks of justice along with order, quotes J. Edgar Hoover and Abraham Lincoln with equal facility (and, in his view, to identical effect), and tells with pride – some of it justified – of his efforts to recruit more black policemen and teach his white policemen (who outnumber the blacks more than ten to one) to forego such terms as "nigger" and "boy" when addressing both their black colleagues and the black citizenry. But his total demeanor justifies the view of Mrs. Maxine Smith, the NAACP chapter's Executive Director, that "we will have a problem here until Mr. Holloman recognizes the problem." She had recently received a letter from him, denying that her husband and several other prominent Negroes had been "Maced" and otherwise abused during a riot in March. She saw the happening herself, and like several other black leaders says that she is no longer interested in discussing matters with Director Holloman. He continues to believe that he is in constructive communication with Mrs. Smith and other black leaders who feel about him as she does. He also takes great pride in his Community Relations unit, consisting of two black officers and two white officers under black Lieutenant R. J. Turner, a 20-year veteran on the force. A white captain of detectives, asked this week for directions to the Lieutenant's office, turned to a subordinate and said, "I didn't even know we had a nigger named Turner around here."

Director Holloman mobilized most of his black policemen as a security guard for Ralph Abernathy and his principal assistants. They packed the Claridge lobby and the floor where SCLC's top blacks were housed, with a psychological effect somewhat diminished by the fact that they were under white command. On the Memphis streets, patrolling officers exchanged their usual soft caps for riot helmets. Two blacks from the Claridge Hotel, and a block from the central police station, James Earl Ray, the man accused of killing Dr. King, awaited his trial in solitary confinement in the Shelby County jail.

Chicago: Challenge at the Convention

A test of whether Vice President Humphrey can hold his unwieldy coalition together in Chicago and go on to win his party's nomination will come early in the convention when the delegates wrestle with a series of credentials challenges, proposed rules changes and, of course, the Vietnam plank in the platform. As of mid-August, the Humphrey camp seemed ready to give way at every possible point, short of a renunciation of President Johnson by name or a wholesale unseating of pro-Humphrey delegates. By this strategy, the most optimistic among the Vice President's backers hope to liberate their candidate from the taint of "old politics" and get his campaign off to a flying start.

There are 18 credentials challenges, of which the McCarthy camp is aggressively pushing the half-dozen or so regarded as serious. In each case, McCarthy has nothing to lose and quite a bit to gain by making a fight of it. For instance, he could pick up at least 100 votes in Mississippi, Georgia, Alabama, Indiana, Washington and Texas if his strategists are successful at Chicago. In the process, McCarthy's backers hope to drive the hard core of old-line Southern delegates not being challenged and now generally regarded as pro-Humphrey into a "third force," thus endangering Mr. Humphrey's prospects of getting the nomination on an early ballot.

Four years ago at Atlantic City, the party passed a resolution, in the wake of the fight over seating the

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Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party, saying that all voters "regardless of race, color, creed or national origin" must have an opportunity to participate fully in the selection process. Now, that decision has to be carried out. The strongest cases will be those that involve open discrimination against minority groups in precinct, county or state conventions. Some party leaders have been using the phrase "broad representation" in discussing the guidelines to be used in determining whether discrimination has been practiced. How that vague phrase will be applied in practice remains to be seen.

But the challenges raise points other than discrimination. In most Southern challenges, there is talk of "loyalty" to the party (Humphrey strategists like this angle since State Chairman Robert Vance of Alabama has sent letters to 321 McCarthy delegates, including the senator himself, asking them to sign a loyalty pledge to the ticket selected in Chicago). Elsewhere, procedural questions are paramount.

The Mississippi challenge is the weightiest. There, the new rule calling for full participation "regardless of race" was clearly violated by Gov. John Bell Williams and his segregationist backers in selecting the regular delegation. That fact has been amply documented and the challengers, to make their case solid, held a full round of precinct and county meetings to elect delegates to their state convention August 11. In addition, the issue of who represents Mississippi Democrats is a question having great emotional appeal because of 1964.

In line with his strategy of accommodating the forces of change wherever he can, Mr. Humphrey endorsed the Mississippi challenge, even sending one of his chief spokesmen, Sen. Walter Mondale (D, Minn.), to Jackson, Miss., to pledge this support openly at the convention called to name the challenging delegation. So did McCarthy. The 24-member challenge delegation is split about evenly between McCarthy and Humphrey supporters, with some key members still uncommitted. McCarthy forces are also actively pushing challenges from Georgia and Alabama, rated about even as to merit. In Georgia, they have boxed the Vice President in between a delegation led by Gov. Lester Maddox and dominated by "Maddox-Wallace" segregationists and a new group of challengers who are predominantly pro-McCarthy.

The Georgia convention of the challengers is a good illustration of the infighting going on. Held in Macon, it was called by the Georgia Democratic Forum, a group organized two years ago to handle the fall write-in gubernatorial campaign for Ellis Arnall. Although Forum members are split three ways in their preferences (Humphrey, McCarthy and ex-Kennedy), the key figures were E. T. (Al) Kehrer, Southern civil rights director for the AFL-CIO, and Joe Jacobs, an Atlanta labor attorney. Both are pro-Humphrey and Kehrer privately insisted that the delegation had to have a Humphrey majority. His reasoning was obvious. First of all, it would allow Humphrey the luxury of choosing between a Maddox-led delegation (Gov. Maddox didn't announce his plan of "saving" his party by running for President until a few days after the challengers picked their delegation) and a pro-Humphrey group of challengers. It would also give the Humphrey camp a club to hold over the heads of restless Southerners when Humphrey forces gave way on one or another credentials or rules fight at Chicago.

But the Georgia Forum decided to have an "open" convention and invited all registered voters to attend. As a result, the McCarthy camp, anxious to spoil the Humphrey strategy, sent some of its key organizers to Georgia. They did their job well. When the first gavel sounded, some 70 percent of the 600 to 700 delegates were wearing McCarthy buttons. They took control of the delegation and the strategy to be used. Kehrer and Jacobs, embarrassed by their failure, pulled out, although they were offered seats on the delegation by the McCarthyites.

Originally, the Georgia challengers planned to use four tests – party loyalty, the method of selection of the regular delegation, the use of the unit rule and the lack of "broad representation" on the Maddox-led delegation (it has only seven black members out of 107 delegates and alternates). But McCarthy strategists feel the "broad representation" issue will strike a more responsive chord among credentials committee members in 1968, again because of the 1964 fight over the Mississippi challenge.

That emphasis is also the key to two other challenges – the one in Texas, where there are only five Mexican-Americans in a 104-vote delegation, and North Carolina, where a partial challenge seeks to replace some white delegates with black ones.

Alabama is unique (see "Southern Democrats," *NR*, August 3). In that state, there is no procedural case because delegates are elected in the spring primary. But so are the presidential electors, and this year Alabama voters picked a slate of electors pledged to George Wallace, thus making it impossible for the regular delegation to fulfill the item in the convention call requiring each delegation to "assure" the convention there will be loyal electors on the ballot in the fall. Two challenging delegations from Alabama – one pro-Humphrey and one pro-McCarthy – will come to Chicago.

Outside the South, the clearest challenges will come from Washington and Indiana, in both instances limited bids to unseat only a few delegates from these

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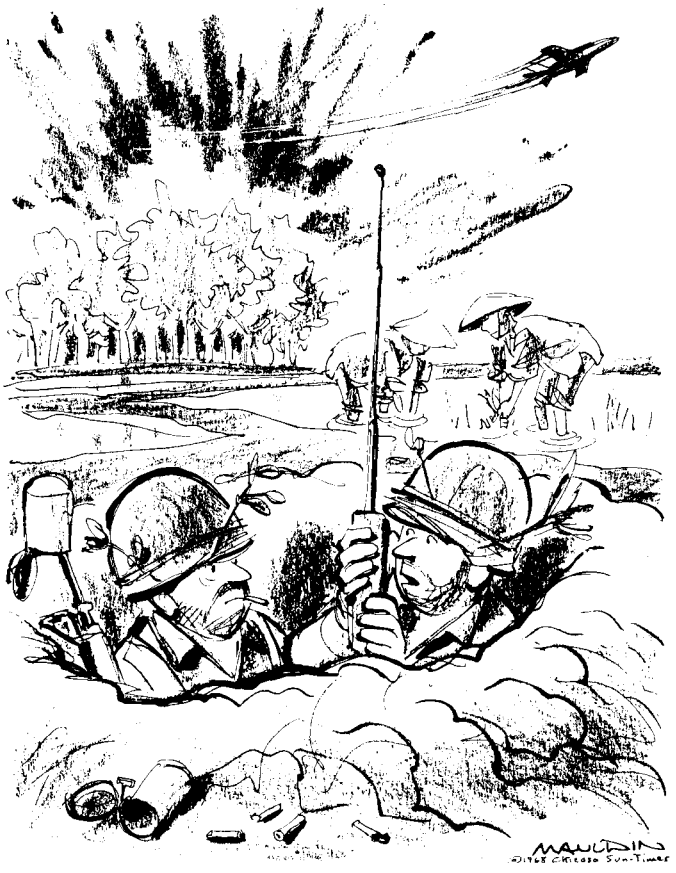
states. Both turn on procedural questions. In Washington, McCarthy supporters claim to have been excluded from key precinct meetings in two districts; in Indiana, they claim pro-Humphrey leaders did not allow them to nominate candidates in three congressional district caucuses where a McCarthy-Kennedy coalition had a majority. Both will doubtless be tried on their procedural merits.

The credentials fights are apt to overlap with a series of rules fights being planned by the McCarthy camp. Originally, the McCarthy managers had singled out the unit rule, a favorite device of Southern political bosses, as the key rules issue.

Again, Mr. Humphrey caved in early. He renounced the unit rule some weeks ago. Since then, the pro-Humphrey Maryland delegation has dropped it, and a couple of other state conventions controlled by Humphrey supporters, notably Virginia, failed to impose it. However, it is still an issue that makes old-line Southern politicians nervous, and McCarthy's followers, despite Humphrey's effort to accommodate, will push for a rules committee change banning the use of the unit rule by any state. McCarthy stands to pick up small pockets of delegates if he's successful here.



"They want volunteers for convention duty in Chicago."

The Georgia credentials fight is going to throw the spotlight on another rules battles, one involving the method of selection of delegates. In Georgia, the delegation is hand-picked by the state chairman (this year, James Gray, chairman of Georgia Democrats for Goldwater in 1964) with the advice and consent of the governor. The voters have no role. Using this as the prime example and a host of other states in which state committees or precinct officials elected two to four years ago do the selecting as Southern evidence of a need for change, the advocates of "new politics" are expected to push for a major rules change.

There is growing support for a new rule which would state simply that no delegation will be seated in the future unless the voters in the state have an opportunity to participate in its selection during the year of the convention, either through a direct primary or open precinct or county caucuses. This would have great voter appeal, and the convention might want to accent the reform by tossing out the regular Georgia delegation this year.

But again, that would arouse the old-line Southerners and put Mr. Humphrey somewhat on the defensive. It would, however, have strong public appeal and to oppose it could cost Mr. Humphrey votes in the fall if he's nominated. His managers know this.

By the time the convention finishes with rules and credentials (the McCarthy-Kennedy forces have enough votes in committee to move anything they support to a vote on the floor since it requires only 11 of 110 committee members to take a minority report to the floor and only 11 states to demand a roll call), Mr. Humphrey's coalition of Northern labor leaders, assorted pro-Vietnam liberals and conservative Southerners will have come under some heavy strains.

If not, there is still the Vietnam plank. Here, there is some talk that the Humphrey managers will agree to almost anything but an outright denunciation of President Johnson in an effort to preserve the unity of the party. That is conjectural. Even if the Humphrey camp resists too specific a Vietnam plank, it's possible the convention will overrule them.

The combination of new forces arising within the Democratic Party and the decision of Richard M. Nixon to revert to a variation of the 1964 Southern strategy of the Goldwaterites has given the Democrats an unparalleled opportunity. Senator McCarthy appears ready to finish the job he started in the snows of New Hampshire by working to seat at Chicago those who represent the new liberalism in the South.

Is Mr. Humphrey ready to accept those changes? Or, to be more exact, can he do it and still keep intact the coalition he needs to win the nomination on an early ballot – preferably the first?

PAUL R. WIECK

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A Honky's Response to Carmichael

by Gus Matzorkis

I want to talk to the new Stokely Carmichael as I hear him laying it on us these days about blackness, whiteness, brownness, yellowness, and redness. I decided to do this after despairing and thinking about the talks Carmichael delivered recently to "Free Huey Newton" rallies in Northern California and Los Angeles, and about his other recent public statements.

I reach back for the old-fashioned phrase, "with a heavy heart," to describe my spirit. For one thing, any questioning or criticizing of black militants is likely to be picked up by the equivocating moderates and outright bigots in the white community and used against the legitimate struggle for freedom and dignity by black Americans. I don't want to be used that way, and I can only say that my criticism of the new Stokely Carmichael in no way alters my certain knowledge that by far the greatest burden for eliminating the sickness of racism in America lies with the dominant white community.

For another thing, much of what Carmichael advocates is absolutely right. And the plain truth is that much of the denunciation of him is just sloganeering made up of pious half truths – frequently uttered by hypocrites who don't know what he is saying, don't feel what he is feeling, don't care.

There is a third reason for the heavy heart, and that is that I and many, many others have learned and benefited from what Carmichael has said and done in the past.

Heavy heart or not, however, we owe it to ourselves and to him to level with him, as he used to level with us and with himself. There has been and still is too much lying and self-deception. One of the beautiful things about Stokely Carmichael in the past was his straight, hard, clean honesty, and the fashionable "whip me again" whimpering which Carmichael arouses today in many uncritically sympathetic white radical listeners is as far removed from that cleansing honesty as the respectable sloganeering of his detractors. We have had enough pontificating about how a white person after all cannot begin to feel and understand what a black person feels and knows; there is some truth to that, but not nearly enough to justify the widely held notion that it is an act of arrogance for a white man ever to tell a black man anything.

That brings us to the first thing to be said about the new Stokely Carmichael who spoke at the "Free Huey Newton" rallies. He was doing the very shuckin' and jivin' he and his followers are fond of putting down in Negroes and whites with whom they do not agree. Yes, some of what he said at those rallies needs saying; yes, there *is* built-in, deep-rooted, institutionalized racism in daily American life. But a great deal of what Carmichael said was nonsense – not the nonsense which the overly fastidious can always cite in impassioned outbursts of outrage, but deliberately thought-through nonsense of practiced rhetorical flourishes. He knew very well when he was jiving. He was turning it on and off to suit his purposes. That sort of manipulation is exactly the "empty rhetoric" he decries in the public statements of slick professional politicians, exactly what the old Carmichael – both the gentle pacifist of the early voter registration drives and the later militant advocate of Black Power and "Hell No, We Won't Go" – did not do, even at his angriest.

The new Carmichael spoke to those recent rallies about reparations. Now the principle of reparation can be applied to the past and present situation of black Americans in matters of money, meaningful job programs, housing, genuine educational opportunities, and even treatment under law. However, the principle of reparation cannot and should not be applied literally to *truth*. The antidote for vicious and hypocritical lies about black people in general is not vicious and hypocritical lies about white people in general – but simply the truth.

Carmichael was correct when he told those rallies that something like genocide was committed against the red man in America, but he was dead wrong in trying to hang that crime on all or most white people. "The Honky" did not wipe out the American Indian; some white people did, while other white people actively opposed that evil. This generation of whites is not guilty of that crime, and many whites today neither glorify that shameful phase of our history nor endorse the present shameful treatment of many American Indians. Publicly whipping up passions against honkies in these ways, and then privately conceding that sure-some-white-folks-are-maybe-exceptions, sounds reminiscent of the white bigots who declare that niggers are shiftless and violent and immoral but sure-some-colored-folks-are-okay-sometimes.

Haven't we had more than enough of all that? Hasn't the human race had enough of holy crusades, without being urged by the new Carmichael to see all

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of the world's complex problems reduced to the absurd formula of white = evil, "color" = virtue? ("Color," incidentally, is a handy and tricky tool in the hands of the new Carmichael and his followers; Mexican-Americans and Latin Americans are now "brown people" who qualify as brothers to the American black man in the supposedly epic struggle between people of color and white people.)

There is nothing new about the misdirected thrust of Carmichael's current revolutionary radicalism, the wide-eyed wonder of his adherents to the contrary. Human history is stained by the consequences of that sort of call-to-arms. Pagan and Christian. Christian and infidel. Aztec and Spaniard. Catholic and Protestant. Greek and Turk. Jew and Arab. Bantu and Boer. Hindu and Moslem. Indonesian and Chinese. Rivers of blood, terror, pain, mutilation, killing – all in the name of our God, our motherland, our people, our something-or-other. All those Christians mauled by lions, those slaughtered kids of the Children's Crusades, those slit Turkish and Greek throats – were Gandhi and King really so unrealistic when they asked if even one of those last-gasp death cries was justified?

You say the way of Gandhi and King is not for you, that an oppressed man must at some time and place fight? I'm not so absolutely sure of that, in the way it is commonly meant, but if you must fight, at least fight the man who is holding you down and don't waste your time and strength and moral outrage striking out against all the honkies or all the politicians or all the middle class or *all* anything.

The new Carmichael says that the black man must run it down – the Arab is his brother so the Jew is his enemy. That's exactly wrong. The Jewish shopkeeper in the ghetto who exploits the black man, wholly intentionally or not, may be an enemy, but Andy Goodman and Mickey Schwerner were not. No doubt a lot of Arabs are or can be Carmichael's good brothers, but it is hard to see how the King of Saudi Arabia with dozens of palaces and millions in oil revenues is a soul brother to the black man on the streets of Harlem or Watts.

This is not hollow, humanitarian rhetoric, not irrelevant. It is the central issue. Nor is all this too sophisticated for the masses; it is comprehensible enough to many of those black Americans who would like to go along with Carmichael but are having a hard time following the tortured reasoning of his strident new radicalism. The truth!

The black man must find his manhood, his humanity, in hatred, the new Carmichael told those rallies. Hate/love. Hot/cold. Up/down. You cannot know one without knowing the other, he argued, but white Americans and black Uncle Toms have conspired to deny the black man the right to hate his enemy.

Among the many things wrong with that argument are these. First, there is so very much hatred around and inside all of us already that we really ought to work on expanding the "love" side of that love/hate apposition. Second, you cannot turn hatred on and off like a faucet. You get it running real good, brother Stokely, and neither you nor anyone else will be able to turn it off or even direct it.

In the final analysis, both Carmichael and Mexican-American revolutionary Reyes Tijerina told one of the rallies, it all comes down to a fight of *color*. Nothing else! Carmichael went on to shout, "We are an African people wherever we are. We are a race of warriors! We are bound to people of color wherever they are. We are a great race of people. We must get *up*!"

That's stirring talk. But the rest of the truth, out of fashion as it might be according to the current passions and polls, is that race simply is *not* of final importance. The fact of race is there, and racial pride is better than racial shame. Arrogance or superiority based on race, however, is bad news. It means, after all, that there is inferiority of race somewhere.

The evil of white racial supremacy does not grow out of a sin of placing the wrong race on the superior side, but rather a sin of believing the base falsehood that any race of human beings is superior or inferior to any other race of human beings. There is no conflict between this concept and the healthy notion of pride in blackness.

"Survival, survival, survival, survival, survival," Carmichael intoned at those rallies. Many of us – white and black – can dig that, but the way of survival and of sanity does not lie in the black man trying to get blacker any more than it does in the properly discredited idea that he must get whiter. In a way, the injunction to get blacker is something like the patronizing faint praise we used to hear about a Joe Louis or a Jackie Robinson being a credit to "his race." Wrong then, wrong now. If Louis or Robinson or Billie Holiday or Mahalia Jackson or Marian Anderson or Langston Hughes or Richard Wright or Duke Ellington or John Coltrane or Ralph Bunche or Martin Luther King or Medger Evers or Malcolm X or W. E. B. DuBois or Carl Stokes or Richard Hatcher or Bill Russell or, indeed, the real Stokely Carmichael are a credit to anyone or anything, it is to themselves as vital and perhaps even beautiful human beings and therefore to any of us who are open and perceptive enough to know that.

I ask Stokely Carmichael only to go back to telling it as he really sees it, to stop putting us – and perhaps himself – on, and to be his own man again. I ask him neither for more moderation as such, nor less anger, but only more honesty.

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Stanley Kauffmann

The Past in the Present

We all know by now that, for many modern artists and critics, the humanist tradition is finished. In literature, for instance, they maintain that plot, character, and verisimilitude are dead. Their arguments, in all the arts, are often eloquent, their passion strong, their reasons for discontent are clear. And I am not building to an antithesis: I think the adjective "new" has now become inseparable from the word "art." Not in the sense of novelty or gimmick but in the awareness that a career in art is no longer analagous with, say, a career in law. You cannot get your figurative license, then simply hang out your shingle and expect that continual practice in approved modes will take care of the rest of your life. Art not only has to be made these days, it has to be justified, every time out.

My chief difference with many avant-garde critics (and it's not an antithesis) is that they propose their views as a complete replacement for all past views, instead of as additional avenues of possibility. The sterilities of practice in traditional modes do not, for me, add up to a cancellation of those modes. I do see traditions as coming under the same stringencies of contemporary relevance as any *nouveau roman* or minimal painting. And what are we to do with a novel that satisfies those stringencies if it happens to have a plot and recognizable characters? Burn it on revolutionary principle?

Here is a new novel by Elliott Baker called *The Penny Wars*,* which is written in a straight realistic mode yet which seems to me a modern work. It is hard to conceive of an enthusiast for the new who would find this book unrewarding, if he just grants it a little patience. Patience, not because it begins badly but because its style is traditional and its subject is conventional (a year in the life of an American adolescent). I have centered on avant-gardists, although I think the book's appeal is much wider, precisely because I think Baker has brought sternly to bear on this conventional material the experience of the last thirty years in ironic percept, moral flux, and anti-cholesterol prose. Those elements are not as immediately visible as the book's surface conventionalities; but before long the novel is revealed as a good example of the humanist tradition employed by an author who keeps on asking, "What use is that tradition now?"

Baker's first novel, *A Fine Madness*, published four years ago, applied much of the same stringency to the concept of heroism: is heroism possible or desirable now? With savage wit and ugly farce, he created a credible hero, a poet. (The novel was made into a wretched film directed by someone or other. I wish it had been directed by Stanley Kubrick.) That book took place in the present day. In *The Penny Wars* he goes back to 1939, the seventeenth year in the life of a boy named Tyler Bishop who lives in a city in upper New York State. (The author is coeval with his hero and was born in Buffalo.) From the first page, the atmosphere of the novel, in which Tyler breathes, is his emotional involvement in the brewing European war.

The events of the story, though set in that frightening ambience, are seemingly the trivia of any adolescence. But Baker has made every sequence a bland-looking pellet that explodes and reverberates. For instance, in the opening chapters Tyler and his younger brother and his mother are harassing their father into auditioning, as a singer, for the Major Bowes Amateur Hour. The father has a good voice but he alibis; the family persists. All through this episode the recreation of thirties atmosphere is perfect, the domestic squabbles are pungent and fast – in fact, everything is so well done that the reader finds himself irritated with an author who can do all this so well and who settles merely for doing it. Then, on the morning of the tryout, the father takes to his bed, complaining of a pain. The mother is so furious that she literally pounds him, but he won't get up. Tyler refuses to let the chance slip; he cons his brother into going to the audition with him and trying out under his father's name. When they get back home, having failed, they find that their father is dead: of a heart attack. And suddenly the whole episode tilts. We see the underside of the surface: the propensity to force new experience into old patterns; the real horror of the Amateur Hour as a symbol of escape; the demonic jest, all the more demonic because those who are stabbed by it can now see the joke.

Later, there is a section in which Tyler furiously tries to lose his virginity in a grapple with an unattractive girl. The incisive accuracy of the ludicrous dialogue and details, the indignity of his desperation are etched with merciless wit. It is very well done, but again, almost too well done for what it is about. Then, when Tyler gets home that evening, he makes a discovery that converts his funny sofa-struggle into a tiny fragment of (disquietingly) universal sexuality.

Tyler is a better than credible character, he is enveloping of the reader, at least retrospectively; but the most trenchant character in the book is the one who epitomizes the decade politically. (To repeat, Europe is never far from Tyler's thoughts.) He is a German-Jewish refugee, a dentist from Düsseldorf, Jewish enough to be forced to flee, German enough to resent being excluded. The dentist brings Europe to Tyler's city, to his very house. The boy is puzzled by the refugee who refuses to join in his anti-fascist sloganeering, who himself makes anti-Semitic remarks, and who refuses to condemn Germany wholesale as a nation of beasts.

One night the dentist takes Tyler's widowed mother to the movies, to a film that caricatures German soldiers as stupid clowns. The refugee starts to shout protests, and the audience starts to jeer him.

(Continued on page 23)

* *The Penny Wars* by Elliott Baker (Putnam; $5.95).

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Books and the Arts

The Busy Hand of Burgess

by Theodore Solotaroff

Anthony Burgess isn't Irish, but he could be. He writes with the lilt, and a good deal of the blarney, and the roving eye for earthy detail. As it happens, Burgess is a lower middle-class Catholic from Manchester, which is already two-thirds of being Irish, and his garrulousness takes him almost the rest of the way. Like Wilde, Shaw, Yeats, Synge, O'Casey, Joyce, O'Connor, Behan, he is a non-stop talker with temperament to burn, and whose language is rinsed clean of literary detritus. He has also been playing the Irish role on the English literary scene, which is to pepper and stir the pot: to be amusing about the things London takes seriously, such as status, and serious about what London finds amusing, such as sin.

Enderby
by Anthony Burgess
(Norton; $5.95)

The Irish note is also owing to Burgess' feeling for Joyce, about whom he has written a long commentary *(Re Joyce)* as well as an abridgement of *Finnegans Wake*. Joyce has been the lion in the modern novelist's path, but Burgess, whom nothing much intimidates, meets him eye to eye: a fellow musician (Burgess was trained as a composer), a linguist, a renegade Catholic, a cultural aristocrat from the back streets and pubs of a hard city. He shares Joyce's true sense of the pith and pitch of the spoken language, his uncommon touch for the common life of a man, a family, a community, that creates a thick social atmosphere in which characters move and breathe, rather than just a background against which they stand. Finally, there are strong affinities in point of view: a sympathetic attitude toward man, tempered by the Catholic awareness of human presumption, and emerging as comedy.

Joyce's talents and vision, however, were poured into four books and little else. Burgess' spill over in all directions, spawning creations rather than nurturing them. Since he started writing seriously in the late fifties, he has produced eleven novels, as well as enough literary journalism to keep another writer fully employed. I wonder what makes Burgess run. Perhaps it's money. A good English writer still has to hack out a living under conditions that few American writers have any longer to accept. But there is also a performer in Burgess who obviously likes to stand up and have his say, to try his hand at this and that. He has written a novel of Shakespeare's love life in fine Elizabethan prose and a portrait of a future juvenile delinquent, sometime around 1984, in a slang that brilliantly assimilates Russian and English. He has produced a spy novel with the dark, Jansenist overtones of Graham Greene and an anti-utopian fantasy on population control and atavism that takes off from Huxley's *Brave New World* and *Ape and Essence*. His fiction has toured Russia and the Third World, suburban Manchester and Soho. He can describe anything, animate the most farfetched material. He is one of those writers who seems almost cursed by his facility.

His last novel, *Tremor of Intent*, begins with a fine, grave wit, heads off into James Bond land, and then slyly circles home to its "eschatological" theme. Only *A Clockwork Orange* and *A Right to an Answer* seem fully written. The rest are full of splendid mimicry and improvisation and froth. When Burgess isn't coming close to Joyce he is likely to be coming close to Peter Sellers.

If anything, his new novel, *Enderby*, bears out this split and substantially raises the ante. The first half, published separately in England as *Inside Mr. Enderby*, is Burgess at his very best: a magically brewed chronicle of small beer about a minor poet who is lured out into the world by a fashionable lady editor. Enderby is another of Burgess' marital victims and his plight is another illustration of Burgess' master theme: the settled weight of habit and custom, both personal and social, and the danger of dislodging them. Existence is a complex and explosive algebra, and anything that has gone on long enough, whether a life, a marriage, a society, has worked out its own equations, however imbalanced it may appear to be. The greatest sin is against stability. In writing *Inside Enderby*, Burgess manages to achieve his own stability; instead of just doing something, he stands there and fixes the terms of his hero's destiny firmly and deeply. Both the humor and sadness of the novel are sustained in a low, intimate key, and the prose, page after page, has the quiet rightness of a gifted novelist who is talking less to an audience than with himself.

Inside Enderby begins with a dream in which posterity visits: not the towering unborn who visit major poets but a giggling group of teen-agers led by their English teacher. As the teacher reverently rattles on, the children poke and pry; a volume of Enderby's poems is knocked over and out fall some photographs: "What, Charles, are they doing? The man and woman in the picture? They are minding their own business, that's what they're doing. . . . Fellation, if you must know, is the technical term." Nor is Enderby in repose quite like a monument. Tubby, balding, toothless, dyspeptic and flatulent, he visibly and audibly belongs to the "world of eating and dying." The poet's flat in a seaside rooming house provides a similar view of his earthly bourne,

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somewhere between frugality and squalor. In one small room, furnished with his landlady's Victorian shards, he eats and sleeps; in an even smaller one, he cooks up the scraps of this and that which sustain him; in the third and smallest of all, he performs his other bodily functions, including those of his art. Here is Enderby's kingdom: a small desk, a heater to warm his legs, a bathtub that serves as filing cabinet and wastebasket, a throne where the divine afflatus can mingle comfortably with the other chronic winds that blow through Enderby, where the passions of the mind and of the flesh can be happily coordinated and safely discharged. Besides, as Enderby puts it, the "poet is time's cleanser and cathartizer." Besides, there are other reasons.

In one of Burgess' busier novels, the bathroom fixation would be another picturesque detail. In *Enderby* it functions as the core of a meticulously assembled portrait of a man who is both a mess and an artist. We all know one thing or another about the psycho-sexual implications of art, but Burgess' Enderby is a rich, concrete revelation of the physiological, emotional, and social phenomena that parallel or intertwine in the daily life of this poetry-secreting organism. Words or gas: it's all become one to Enderby's system: an inadvertent, imperative pressure. At the moment of receiving an award from an insufferable publisher and poetaster, Enderby finds himself blurting out a sneering rejection that is as uncontrollable and embarrassing as the rude criticism that his innards have been making of the lunch. Or again, Enderby on his morning round of the seashore and pubs winds up with a hare – a present from 'arry the cook, his one friend – and a few scraps of experience – the squawking of the gulls, a Lesbian's raucous laughter – which almost simultaneously become a stew and a poem. His emotional patterns have become as simplified as his digestive ones: the Lesbian's laughter is followed by a "very clear thin voice" that begins whispering lines of verse as though at his ear, but then the Lesbian begins singing some atrocious pop hit, and the other voice ceases:

> "Walking home quickly he tried to call back the rhythm, but it had gone. The fragments ceased to be live limbs of some mystical body that promised to reveal itself wholly. Dead as the hare, meaningless onomatopoeia; a silly jingle: *widow, shadow, meadow*. The big rhythms of the nearing tide, the winter sea-wind, the melancholy gulls. A gust shattered and dispersed the emerging form of the poem. Oh, well. Of the million poems that beckoned, like coquettish girls, from the bushes, how very few could be caught."

Enderby's inner life is characterized by these two female voices he has heard in the pub. In the vulgar laughter and song lurks the abiding presence of his dead stepmother, an obscenely obese and slovenly woman full of Catholic xenophobia and superstition, and with her own digestive problems that she shared with the world; the other voice is that of his muse, an exquisitely feminine young coquette that he has fashioned from his desire for his own mother who died young. The traumatic event of his life was the night when his stepmother, frightened by thunder, climbed into his bed, and in his own terror, the adolescent Enderby locked himself in the bathroom, from which, emotionally speaking, he has never emerged. Impotent since his stepmother's death, Enderby has been left with her money and with many of her attitudes and ways, and amid his own domestic squalor, his passivity, his physical aches and rumbles, he senses his stepmother boring further within him as he advances into middle age.

The world outside Enderby is also mostly his stepmother writ large: a fearful, disorderly, disruptive place. He keeps his contacts minimal – a few rounds in a pub frequented by senior citizens who are too old and ill to do him harm, a drink with 'arry, his main provisioner, a walk on the beach to feed the birds. Still, no man is an island, etc. A jealous neighbor harasses him, his landlady raises his rent and forces him to move. Then, against his better judgment, he leaves his lair and goes up to London to receive the poetry award. There he meets Rawcliffe, a corrupt "defrocked" poet, and Vesta Bainbridge, a shining and glamorous editor of a woman's magazine. Widowed from one famous man, a racing car driver, she sees possibilities beneath Enderby's scruffy obscurity, and in a moment of domestic crisis – too complicated and hilarious to describe here – Enderby succumbs. They live together chastely, marry, go off to Rome, and there Vesta Bainbridge, always a hearty eater for one so dainty, begins to belch, pick at the wax in her ears, cling to him in a thunderstorm, and lure him back toward the Church.

Enderby's narrow self-sufficiency falls apart. Vesta has his income – "His stepmother had given and his stepmother had, in a youthful, well-spoken, dove-soft, spring-smelling, highly improbable disguise, taken away again." Rawcliffe steals his long poem on original sin, the Minotaur as Christ, and turns it into a science fiction film. Doubly betrayed, Enderby tries to resume his old life but his Muse has left him. Everything fails, including an attempt at suicide – death being, as he discovers at the very last moment, only his stepmother again. He passes into the Big-Brotherly hands of Dr. Wapenshaw who convinces him that poetry has merely been his way of prolonging adolescence. On a note more sad even than the poignant description of Enderby's decline, *Inside Enderby* ends with the defunct poet transformed into the future bartender Hogg, his mother's maiden name: the star of the rehabilitation center's quiz team, a "good trier," a man who marches in step.

All of which is beautifully written, masterfully woven. For all its strange changes, the air of immediate reality never dwindles, nothing farfetched intrudes. Each stage is subtly anticipated and yet comes as a revelation. Like his poems, Enderby is a creature of continuity and chance, of the probabilities of conditioning and the mystery of choice. This is characterization that begins in sound psychology, and ends as art.

Unfortunately, there is the second half of the novel, *Outside Mr. En-*

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derby, which Burgess appears to have reserved for the ham in himself. Playing Enderby-Hogg for laughs, he has abandoned his proleptic method, impatiently unpinned chance from continuity, and created mostly a romp for his fantasy. Early on, Enderby-Hogg witnesses the attempted assassination of the pop singer and poet, Yod Crewesy, managed by Vesta Bainbridge who has passed him some of Enderby's old poems. The gun is thrust into our hero's hands, and he and Burgess are off to the races: Spain and Tangiers, Enderby hiding out as an Arab beggar, a surrealist café complete with William Burroughs, an unconsummated affair with a lady astronomer (Enderby leaps off her to scribble a poem), and an unconsummated fling with his flesh-and-blood Muse. Finally, Burgess stops long enough to deal with the slow death of Enderby's enemy, Rawcliffe, and the prose has a real occasion to rise to. Otherwise, *Outside Enderby* is mostly bravura. On the other hand, if you like black humor. . . .

Yes, I know, realism is dating fast as well as being out of phase with our unreal world in which, as in *Outside Enderby*, anything can happen. *Anything can happen.* What a revelation! If only Kafka had known. It looks now like it will take us years of John Cage, Godard, Burroughs, et al., to absorb it. In the meantime there is *Inside Enderby*, with its fine insistence on making connections, on keeping its feet on the ground, on revitalizing the art of fiction instead of greasing the skids.

The Respectable Literary Magazine

by Howard Kaye

This first annual selection of "the best from the literary magazines" is the fruit of a project financed by the National Endowment for the Arts to give wider distribution to work that originally appeared in magazines of limited circulation, and to spread some money around among deserving writers and editors. $1,000 went to the author of each selected story or essay, $500 to the poets, and $500 and $250 to the magazines whose editors "had the perspicacity to publish the selections in the first place." A number of the writers are the unknown, unrewarded young men and women one would expect, and hope, to find. But about an equal number are established writers whose contributions will appear (or have already) in their own collected volumes of poems or stories or criticism.

The American Literary Anthology/1
selected by: John Hawkes, John Ashbery, William Alfred, *et al.*
(Farrar, Straus, & Giroux; $6.95. Paperback; $2.95)

The magazines from which work was taken are not, in the main, tiny mimeographed affairs of the heart, but the established reviews and quarterlies. Thomas Sinclair, Jonathan Strong, and Mary Louise Willey are unfamiliar names, but their stories come from *The Yale Review, Partisan Review, The Hudson Review.* Although 285 magazines of every size and shape were culled, the judges found the bulk of their selections in a dozen reviews of established reputation. That the best work should appear in these magazines is likely enough, since they get first crack at the material. A young writer, unless he or one of his friends is running a magazine, will probably send his work first to a magazine with national reputation and distribution, and only after collecting some rejection slips will he turn to the mimeographed journal whose announcement he's seen on a bulletin board.

The directors of the project could have chosen arbitrarily to exclude work from the established literary journals. That would ensure an anthology of mostly obscure writers from obscure journals; but it would also result in an anthology of lower quality and lower sales. (Quality seems to correlate with the reputation of the magazine, rather than that of the writer. Some of the best work in this book is by writers who have published relatively little; but it comes mostly from the major literary magazines.) And, after all, the purpose of the project is not merely to dispel obscurity; it is to collect and reward the best work in the literary magazines of the country. To exclude *Paris* and *Sewanee* and *Hudson* would be to make the remaining venture a minor league proposition. The anthology reprints some authors who don't need the recognition, but the company of W. H. Auden or Isaac Bashevis Singer is a drawing card which will attract a number of readers to the young unknowns who *did* make it into the present book.

There is little in the book that could not have appeared in the *Atlantic* or *Mademoiselle.* Most of these pieces are traditional in form and content. The poetry is the closest thing to avant-garde: a genial free verse blather of broken lines, sentence fragments, and isolated perceptions. This, however, is the avant-garde of fifty years ago, flinging its cerements about, jingling its bones, and proclaiming it never felt better. The poetry section is a pretty sorry batch of amateur daubs, but it at least has the virtue of representing a greater proportion of obscure authors and magazines than the more professional fiction and essays. There are poems from such magazines as *Hollow Orange, Nice, Mother, Spero, Vagabond,* and *Choice.* A number of well-known poets are also included, and their selection indicates the judges' predilections: Allen Ginsberg, Leroi Jones, Denise Levertov, Charles Olson, Louis Zukovsky, Ezra Pound (yes, *Ezra Pound,* who reads like one of his imitators, of whom several are represented in the volume). I liked poems by Ginsberg, Richard Howard, Laurence Lieberman, and Aram Saroyan better than the rest, but picking among the poems in this volume generates about as much enthusiasm as a choice among the plasticized Playmates of the Month.

The section of essays and criticism is heavily packed with "names." There is a charming essay by W. H. Auden on "Byron: The Making of a Comic Poet," which includes some acute observations on Byron's use of ottava rima. Herbert Kohl has an interesting *New York Review* article on "Children

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Writing." (Elsewhere reprinted as a pamphlet called *Teaching the "Unteachable."*) Howard Nemerov and Richard Poirier have essays on literary theory: Nemerov on the likeness between poems and jokes, and Poirier on "style" as "environment" in American literature. John Crowe Ransom is represented by a detailed explication of "Gerontion." There is an article by Stephen Koch on Artaud, and an interview (perhaps imaginary) with John Cage by Ted Berrigan. Henry Pachter's article "JFK as an Equestrian Statue" begins as a review of Schlesinger's and Sorensen's books on Kennedy, and maintains that the President's memorialists consistently mythologized a non-ideological pragmatist into a shining knight of idealism. The essays are almost all solid, well-written, interesting. The book would be poorer without them. Yet I wonder if this is really the place for Auden on Byron, or Ransom on Eliot, or Poirier and Nemerov. Literary criticism like this is closer in spirit to *PMLA* than it is to *Angel Hair, Brown Paper,* or *The Floating Bear.*

In contrast, the fiction is mostly by authors who are not well known. There is a pretentious story by Leonard Michaels called "Going Places," about truth through pain. Ralph Tutt's "Family Plots," one more exercise in Southern manners, isn't worth the forty-five pages it occupies. But the rest of the stories are very good. Joyce Carol Oates writes with pregnant economy in "Dying," the story of a relationship of friendship, hate, and fascination between a dying man and a woman married to someone else. There is a neat fable by Isaac Bashevis Singer called "The Brooch," about a respectable thief. Mary Louise Willey's "The Imprisonment" is a Kafkaesque tale about a writer of philosophical pornography whose "eventless life of a completely proper bachelor" is changed by a mysterious imprisonment. My favorite story is "Supperburger," from *Partisan Review.* Jonathan Strong, the author, is in his early twenties, and this is his first published story. Strong's narrator is an 18-year-old boy, a stray who balances between innocent saint and calculating monster, and the story is concerned with an evening with a middle-aged composer and his wife who've picked him up. The theme is growing up, and Strong manages with great delicacy to avoid the dangers of the hackneyed and the precious.

Reading the book is an act of piety, but not, as it turns out, an act of love. Pick a dozen pieces at random, and you have the makings of a good solid literary magazine – but not a breath-taking, super-colossal apotheosis of literary magazines. Few of these selections will be read in five years. I suppose it's naïve to expect an anthology full of masterpieces, but *The American Literary Anthology/2* is well under way, and one can hope.

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Kauffmann, *from page 19*

"She didn't know what had upset him, something in the film obviously. But she had to get him out of there.

'They are ridiculing a whole people when they do this . . . What about Leibnitz?' he shouted. 'What about Goethe?'

'Please,' she begged."

The dentist, unflinchingly drawn in his arrogance, his insistent erudition, his intolerable logic, has an ambivalent influence on Tyler. The boy dislikes him as a personality and as a disturber of simplicities, but we see that his encounter with the dentist is providing him with some useful scars of paradox.

The novel brings this contradictory relation to a head in a closing scene that shows superlatively Baker's ability to slice with small instruments into huge subjects. The matter of Negro-white relations has run through the book in a lolling, peripheral, prewar way. But at the end Tyler finds himself, against his will, in a brutal fight with three Negroes, compelled by a loyalty to the dentist whose final tragedy he already knows: "He was aware of snarling back at them, but he didn't want to. He wanted to tell them he was on their side. Only his mouth was too thick with blood. . . ." Typically of the book's method, Tyler's relation with Negroes has begun in a veristic, humorous, small-scale manner; then it slides – and darkens as it slides – into the terrible.

A Fine Madness was, among other things, an exceptionally well-structured novel; *The Penny Wars* is somewhat less so. There is some essential material that Baker didn't know how to get in without leaving Tyler's viewpoint, which otherwise prevails, and these side-currents rock the Tyler-ness of the book. There is also a difference in the prose of the books, but an agreeable one. *A Fine Madness* was full of glistening phrases; there are fewer in this second novel, it is much less quotable. But I take this as a sign of self-confidence. The prose is like the book itself: uncomplicated but not simple, wry, resonant.

Baker disbelieves in Blake's Innocence and Experience. Tyler is no Salinger hero being corrupted out of original pure knowledge into the world's wiliness. He is a youth coming face to face with the prices of truth, realizing that he will have to decide whether to pay them, if he can.

As for Baker the novelist, he has made his decisions. Only a man who has been affected by the last thirty years in the life of society and of art could have written this novel in exactly this way, but he has done it without completely jettisoning the past. I don't want to inflate the stature of his book; it would be unfair to him and his readers. (Many, I hope.) *The Penny Wars* is a modest novel, but it is an authentic demonstration that what is viable in tradition, humanist or otherwise, does not have to be swept away.

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